

# The Tech.

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## THE TECH.

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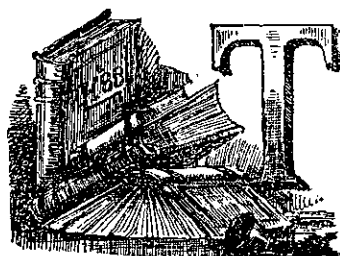
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THE Catalogue for 1887-88 has made its appearance, and a short summary of it is given below:—

There are in the School of Industrial Science 76 officers of instruction, divided as follows: 28 professors, 30 instructors, and 18 assistants. Besides these there are three instructors and three assistants in the School of Mechanic Arts.

The number of lectures for the current year is 12. The number of students in the School of Industrial Science is as follows: Graduates, 23; Seniors, 79; Juniors, 78; Sophomores, 124; Freshmen, 237; Specials, 200; making a total of 719. School of Mechanic Arts: Second Year, 6; First Year, 16; Specials, 15; total, 37. School of Design, 62. The sum in all departments is 818,—an increase of 71 over last year. This increase is confined entirely to the School of Industrial Science.

The Sophomores have chosen courses as follows: Civil Engineering, 23; Mechanical En-

gineering, 42; Mining Engineering, 7; Architecture, 8; Chemistry, 6; Electrical Engineering, 22; Natural History, 2; Physics, 3; General Course, 11.

FOR the first time since the Institute eleven has belonged to a league, we have won the championship, although we have never stood lower than second place at any time. We have only the highest praise to give to our men, who have done so much to bring the name of the Institute into prominence, in the face of so many and so great disadvantages. Our eleven began practice from two to three weeks after Dartmouth had begun to train her men, and all the other teams were in the field at least a week before us. The success of our team in winning eight out of eleven games played, is without precedent at the Institute; and two of the three games lost, we could not in reason expect to win. In the league games we have made a clean score of four victories, and no defeats, while only one of our opponents' teams scored against us. The whole credit of the success is due to Captain Herrick, whose earnest work in training the men has borne such good results. Receiving but little, if any assistance from the Executive Committee of the Foot-ball Association, he was forced to do everything himself, and to pick out his team on his own judgment solely. That he succeeded so well in picking out the best men, is a great credit to his impartiality and perception.

Our team this year, as it contained many of last year's men, was able to begin where it left off last year, instead of having to begin at the very beginning again, as it is usually our misfortune to do. More attention was paid to team play and less to individual work, with the result that in the first and hardest of our championship games the men played evenly and

together, the rush-line supporting the backs in fine style, earning nothing but praise from the Dartmouth spectators. Let us hope that this will always be the case; and that we will never again be forced to see a game where individual work takes precedence of team play. The prospects for next year are that the eleven will be an exceptionally light one, but with good support from every one in helping in every way possible, there need be no fear that it will lower the Tech. record.

THE TECH has, in the past, been careful as to what it said in connection with rushes, and has neither advocated nor deprecated them. Somehow, from an editorial of ours in TECH No. 1, the impression has been received that we are in favor of having an annual rush. It was not our intention to give this impression when writing the editorial. We spoke merely of the advisability of having rules to regulate the rush, our idea being that in this way the danger of a man's being injured would be reduced to a minimum. The custom of having rushes has fallen into disuse among the students of nearly all the large colleges, and it is only among some of the less important colleges that rushes are considered affairs of any great moment. We thought that this was a well-known fact, and wished to leave it to the students to decide what they would do in this matter, expecting that it would be brought up if a meeting was held for the purpose of forming rules. The greatest drawback to rushes is, in our minds, the bad reputation the college gets from them through the columns of the daily press, which is always only too eager to seize on any pretext for running down any institution of learning. As for the danger of physical injury, which is apparently very great in a rush, this is much less than is generally supposed, and it is but seldom that any one is ever injured by participating in one.

Apart from the bad reputation given the college, rushes add greatly to the heap of opprobrium piled upon foot-ball, as this game usually

precedes or causes a rush. It is only too well known that foot-ball has enough to bear in its own reputation without having it made worse. Our object in saying this much was to do away with the erroneous impression given by our former editorial, and make our position clear. Considering all things, the arguments against rushes appear to us to overbalance anything which can be said in their favor.

A GRADUATE of some years' standing, returning to the Institute, would probably be greatly surprised at the amount of class spirit which is now displayed here. It used to be said of the Tech. that one of its great advantages was the total absence of any such spirit. THE TECH has always disputed the wisdom of this saying, and maintained that a good, hearty class spirit was almost a necessity in order to have athletic teams which could worthily represent the Institute, and it is principally through its efforts that this change has been brought about. Of course the rapidly increasing number of students has helped this, together with the sharp lines of demarkation of studies between the classes, which is more pronounced here than at any other place. At first this spirit was apt to be the cause of a few small rushes around the Institute halls; but these have passed away, let us hope, for good, and have been replaced by a desire on the part of each class to be superior to the others in athletics. We do not think we are claiming too much when we say that it is owing to this spirit that we pulled Harvard in the tug-of-war last year, and that it has greatly helped us to attain our present position in foot-ball. Let this spirit be kept up, and it ought not to be long before the Institute will have a reputation in athletics as good as its reputation as a scientific school.

A GREAT deal has been talked about the overwork of the Tech. students. The matter has finally reached even the Faculty, who have listened to it, and in order to find out the

truth of the matter, have sent circulars to the graduates asking their opinion on this subject. It seems to us that the question "Are you over-worked?" cannot be answered without a good many qualifying statements. It is one of the Faculty rules that no man is expected to work more than forty-eight hours a week, including recitations, a certain number of hours being set for the study of each particular branch. It is usually found by calculation that every regular student, with the possible exception of those in the General Course, overruns this amount two or three hours per week. We do not have any hesitation in saying that if any man does work this required amount or more weekly, he is overworked, and we believe that this would be the answer of every graduate upon this subject, with this qualification. But taking the question to mean only what it says, there will probably be a variety of opinions about it. Our own experience is that there are but few men who work the whole of the required time, although there will be found many who cry out against over-work.

The question arises as to exactly what over-work means. We do not believe that any one's health is ever injured by his study here, and every one has more or less spare time for amusement. But if by overwork is meant working at least twice as many hours a week as is required at Harvard or Yale, then indeed are we overworked.

President Adams has sent to the instructors and students a circular asking for the price paid by each during the last four years for board, rooms, fuel and lights.—*Cornell Sun*.

IT would be well if the same thing were done here at the Institute. The Catalogue says, "The cost of board and rooms in Boston and the neighboring cities and towns need not exceed from six to eight dollars a week." This is undoubtedly true, and there are probably a good many people in Boston who exist on less than six; but those who live in towns where seven dollars a week will pay for a large room and the best board, may easily have exaggerated views of the degrees of comfort to be had for the highest price mentioned in the Catalogue. Absolute

necessities are of course very little; and while it is well to give the lowest possible price, it seems as if the average price paid would give a better idea of the quality to be expected. Students coming from places near Boston usually know something about boarding-houses here; but every year finds a larger number of students from distant points, and so important an item of expense justifies a full discussion in the Catalogue.

LAST year but little interest was taken in the Class tug-of-war contests, and that was confined to a struggle between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The Sophomores won the championship by default from '87, as that class had neglected to put a team into the field. '88, likewise, did not come up to the mark. Now this is not as it should be. If we wish to put the best possible material into the Institute team, which we shall enter in the open meeting of the Athletic Club, we should have at least a team from each Class from which to make the selection of men. We cannot always expect to do as we did last year, when we entered a practically inexperienced team and pulled Harvard's veterans. There is plenty of material in each Class, and we have no doubt that if enough enthusiasm is shown, each Class will turn out a good team. We are, of course, sure of seeing teams from the Sophomore and Freshman Classes; it only remains to be seen whether the Juniors and Seniors will have enough energy to bring out a representative four.

### Why.

Up and down the steamer's deck,  
Pacing restless to and fro,  
Collar turned up round my neck,  
Through the fog and wet I go.  
Night's as black as—well, as sin;  
The deck beneath's like slushy snow,  
While the fog-horn's fearful din  
Has sent 'most every one below.  
Still there up and down I pace,  
No thought of shipwreck, wet, or cold;  
The salt spray dashes in my face:  
You wonder why I am so bold,  
And why on earth I don't go down  
Below; what can my fancy hold?  
At my side an ulster brown  
Doth a graceful form enfold.

— *Yale Record*.

### Where We Hang Up.

THOUGH it is not down in the catalogue, yet a course in boarding houses is required of nearly every student who goes to the Institute. At the very beginning, after having passed the entrance exams., of course, comes the question, Where shall we room? and weary are the travels of the Tech. man before this is decided satisfactorily to his own taste and purse. The boarding-house keepers know we are made of money, and charge accordingly. After getting settled, to a certain extent, we get acquainted with our landlady. She is a many-sided female. Sometimes she is enveloped in mystery, only appearing with fatal regularity on rent days, and passing an unseen existence meantime. Sometimes she is voluble and inquisitive. In that case she wants to know all about your relatives and your affairs generally; and then, having lost time talking, she sweeps in a hurry when you are out, and throws the dirt in the closet on to your best shoes. Sometimes she is forty, fat, and suspicious of your callers; and gazing at them from the barely opened door, generally tells them that you are out rather than risk such characters upstairs. It takes courage and blarney to get around one of this sort, but it has been done. Again, she is of the opposite sort, leaving the front door open, and letting any one go up without question. This is convenient all around, especially to the cove who lifts your new fall overcoat and a few other trifles, some day. Then the house goes back to latch-keys, and forgetting yours the first night, you sit on the step to cool, ringing the bell meanwhile, until some one, generally the top-floor lodger, lets you in.

There is one experience that you can't appreciate until you have tried it; that is living in a "side room." When you see one it looks so cozy and snug, and you like it. You ask, though, if it isn't pretty cold sometimes. Your prospective landlady says, "Well, she had a young man in it for two winters, and he had his window open nearly always." That settles it, and you take the room. A side room is generally about

seven feet by nine, and has a bed, a dressing-case, a table doing duty as a washstand, a chair, a window, and a gas-burner. If it has a closet you improvise a washstand in it out of your trunk stood on end, for you must have the table to write on. Then you get your things out and the book-shelf up. On the latter are your Ganot, the Institute catalogue, the rest of your books, and the increasing file of TECHS. Then you get up your "virtues," pipes, pictures, photos of cousins and your best girl, and mementoes of last summer. If you are of an inscription-studying nature you add from time to time a choice sign to the other decorations. A four-foot sign with "Family Dining-room" on it will fill up one side of the wall very nicely. A red lantern, borrowed from the Street-Paving Department, is also effective. Once settled, affairs go on very well. The warm days of October are delightful. When your friends come to see you of an evening you take turns sitting in the chair, and the bed is quite large enough for the rest to sit on. This is all very well as long as moderate weather lasts, but some morning you wake up to find the water frozen, and your breath hanging in graceful festoons from the ceiling. Then you want to move to a room which can be heated, — and you usually move.

To vary the monotony of too much study, which might be bad for your health, there is generally a maiden across the street who kindly flirts with you, whenever you feel inclined. She is very pretty to your near-sighted eyes, — until you meet her, by accident, on the corner. Then you think you would prefer some one more youthful, — a ballet dancer, for instance. It makes you feel almost as badly as when you broke your first test-tube in the lab., and went to Mrs. Stimson, with tears in your eyes, for another.

In a boarding house a fellow certainly meets all sorts of people. There is the girl who wants to be a great violinist, but who at present, though she practices with the most faithful diligence, doesn't know how to tune her violin, and really can't tell when it is out of tune. *You* can, though, to your sorrow. Another favorite of the board-

ing house, especially at the West End, is the girl who elocutionizes all day long, with pauses only for her Delasarte gesture practice. Precious pauses! The church-choir girl, who does her "Sol-fa"ing in the evening, is more bearable. There is the old man upstairs who coughs terrifically for half an hour every morning, and who has "set in the same seat, sir, for twenty-three years." He is not so bad as the fresh young clerk, who, finding time hangs heavy in the evening, comes in when you want to study, and carries on an endless one-sided conversation, until you want to kick him out. Then there is always the man who wants an exact ten-word definition of mech. engineering, and also wants to know just what you are going to do after leaving the Tech., when, heaven knows, you haven't an idea ahead beyond the hope of writing a thesis, and getting a degree, if possible.

However, there are days of happiness even in a boarding-house life: days when a check comes, and the room rent is paid; days when THE TECH comes out without any chestnut cuts; days when you have heard from *her*; and days when your report comes in, with plenty of C's on it. And to all of us—whether plugging chemistry or the beautiful "eine wilde Taube," or sweating over Integral, or putting in our best work on a thesis which we hope the Profs will understand (*we don't*)—to all of us, Freshman or Senior, there comes of an evening the welcome strain, "S-u-eet ci-der, five cents a qu-art!"

#### Finn Fisherman.

(An old manuscript translated from the French of Berthoud.)

ON the 15th of April, 1523, a shallop was drifting in the North Sea, at the mercy of the wind and waves. A woman, two children, and a sailor were alone on the waters in this frail vessel. The woman, wrapped in a large cloak, under the shelter of which she hugged her children to her heart, alternately wept and prayed. The sailor, in despair, had closed his arms on his breast, and awaited in sullen silence

the death which seemed inevitable. Through the thick mist his practiced eye at length saw hope. "Land! land!" he shouted, and grasping again the oars, he plied them with renewed vigor. In vain; his exhausted strength could surmount no rebuff, even with apparent safety in his reach. He abandoned his hopeless labor. The mother's quick eye detected his purpose as he quickly relieved his person of his heavier garments. "You will not abandon my children to perish!" she cried, in agony. The sailor looked wistfully at the unhappy sufferers. He measured the distance to the shore with his eye, and looked into the seething cauldron beneath him. He ventured no word of consolation, lest his mercy should master his judgment; but while the mother yet hoped, while she leaned forward to catch a word, a sigh, a breath in answer, he cut all short by diving suddenly into the sea. The boat reeled and shivered under the momentum of his plunge. The mother clasped her little ones yet closer to her breast. The wave that seemed about to overwhelm her was broken in its crest by the strange weight it bore, and as its waters neared her, a sullen and unearthly sound broke on her ear, and the spray flying across her face came blood-stained. The dead body of the sailor who had deserted her bumped against the boat's side, and floated out of sight forever. He had struck on the sharp rocks beneath the surface, and escaped a more lingering death. In another instant the deserted woman felt the bottom of the boat grating on the sand. Another bound before the wave and it was fast. In an instant she stepped from the shallop, caught her infants in her arms, and aimed for the beach, which seemed at little distance. The water deepened, as she proceeded, to her waist,—to her throat; she staggered, and the stifling cries of her children nerved her to new strength. An agony of fear, the strength of despair, each seized her in turn, till at length, in a delirium of joy, she left the sea behind her, and falling on her face in the damp sand, she poured out her soul in gratitude to God, who had delivered her and her little ones. A few

hours later she awoke to find herself in the humble cabin of a fisherman. Her first thought was for her children. She unclasped a rich necklace from her little daughter. "Take this gage of my gratitude," she exclaimed; "accept it as an earnest,—you to whom I owe the life of my children." The fisherman shook his head. "I could not make use of such riches," he said. The mother took the hand of her preserver; young, and beautiful even in the humble vestment which the fisher's wife had substituted for her rich but drabbed clothing, her air was full of majesty. "You are right," she said. "The service you have rendered cannot be repaid with gold; and God, I trust, will put it in my power to testify my gratitude in a manner worthy of you."

"Your safety will be our recompense; we want no other," replied the fisherman; and the honest face of his wife bore testimony that she joined in the sentiment. "Tell me," the lady asked, after a pause, "on what coast has this misfortune thrown us?"

"On that of Denmark."

"Denmark!" she cried. "Listen; there is a price on my head and on those of my children. We were flying from the soil of Denmark when the storm forced us back upon it. I am——"

"Keep your secret; do not tell me!" cried the fisherman, abruptly checking the revelation she was about to make. "All that I have need to know is that you came here in distress, and that you are in worse distress while you remain. The storm is going down; the coast of the Low Countries is not far distant. To-morrow—perhaps to-night—I will conduct you in safety from this kingdom to a place where the persecution of your enemies, whoever they are, shall not reach you. Meanwhile, confide in my hospitality."

The good couple prepared near the hearth a pallet of straw, upon which the beautiful unknown did not hesitate an instant to place herself and her children. With an arm around each she was soon fast asleep. In this calm rest she passed many hours. At length she was awakened by loud voices outside the hut; they were

roughly questioning the fisher. The questions she could not hear distinctly, but the answer of Finn she did catch, for it was spoken for her ears.

"A hundred pieces of gold!" he said. "Truly, Captain, a sum like that would be worth striving for. Be assured I will take good care of the runaways if they fall in *my* hands. A hundred pieces of gold! Not a soul shall escape shipwreck for a month that I will not bring to your quarters. But, Captain," added Finn, with the characteristic coolness of a Danish peasant—"but, Captain, will you not enter for a moment's refreshment?"

The mother shuddered, lest the invitation given in bravado should be accepted in earnest, and for an instant she trembled at the possibility that her host might intend to betray her. But the voice of the Captain, as he declined the civility, reassured her, and in a moment he was gone, and Finn had re-entered the cabin. "Lose no time, Madam," he exclaimed. "The storm has abated; we must leave here at once."

Silently and swiftly preparations were made, and in a short time the fisherman was rowing his unknown passengers out of sight of the land. In ten hours the dawning light showed them the coast of the Low Countries. Through the night he had been guided by his familiar pilots, the stars, and as he had often endured such long rows as a matter of course, he did not think of fatigue.

As the night lifted, a new danger caught his eye. Two armed boats were pursuing him, and notwithstanding that they were loaded with soldiers, and awkwardly handled, they were gaining on him. It was evident that they had been lying near the coast in wait. He gave no sign of surprise. "Down, madam," he said, quietly; "lie down in the bottom; it needs ballast." She, all unconscious of danger, obeyed mechanically. The next instant musket-balls whistled over the boat. It was impossible for Finn to get to shore before his pursuers. He formed a desperate resolution. He ceased rowing, and turning his boat toward his pursuers, he shouted, "Boat, ahoy! what do you want?"



"You are not alone," came the answer.

"That's so," said Finn, as they came nearer. "I've a good lot of fish for company. But you can't buy them with lead bullets."

"Advance!"

"Aye! aye!" cried Finn, gaily. It was natural that the poor man should be alarmed and awkward before so many soldiers, and the soldiers enjoyed the queer antics he went through. They stood up in their boats, and shouted and applauded while the skiff, guided by Finn's nervous hand, shot toward them. A scream from the lubbers! A splash! The awkward fisher's clumsy boat has struck the bow of the first boat, and the entire cargo are tumbled overboard. Nor is there less confusion among the other load. Their boat dipped water, first one side and then the other, as the soldiers swung their arms, and swayed, and fell over each other in vain attempts to help their drowning brethren. What! Another *accident*! The now thoroughly frightened Finn takes a sudden sweep, and the second boat load joins the first. The little skiff, clumsy no longer, is getting over the water at a surprising rate of speed, and the "defense of Denmark" are left to their fate. A few shots follow from one or two still in the boats, but it is no time for pursuit with comrades drowning.

On an April morning six years later a party of soldiers entered the cabin of Finn the fisherman. Without a word he and his wife were seized and bound, and hurried on shipboard, where, although treated with kindness, they were kept close prisoners. At the end of many tedious days the voyage ended, and Finn and his wife were hurried from their floating prison into a close carriage. After a short ride they were led into a magnificent apartment, and amid a glare of light were confronted by an array of nobles and ladies, clad in all the gorgeousness of the court of that day.

"You are the fisherman Finn?"

The person who, in a stern voice, asked the question, was seated apart from the others. "I am that man," poor Finn replied, trembling.

"You live on the coast, near the village of Lorgen?" Finn bowed assent.

"You extended hospitality to a woman and two proscribed children?"

"I did."

"Without regarding the edict which put a price on their heads, you not only frustrated the vengeance of the Danish people, but overturned two boat-loads of the royal guard sent after the fugitives?"

A smile of grotesque triumph lighted Finn's features for a moment, then a shade of sadness entered his eyes. "The tale, though marvelous, is exactly true."

"And do you know the penalty you have incurred," sternly.

"Death!" answered the hero, his form erect, his fear entirely thrown off.

"And do you know who were the proscribed you dared to save?"

"I knew her majesty Isabella, wife of my sovereign. I knew also her two children, for their ornaments betrayed them. If I have merited death, my life is in your hands!" And Finn's wife threw herself on his breast, while his head sank down upon her shoulder. A murmur ran through the assembly.

"Thou hast a noble and worthy heart, Finn," said the questioner, in a kindlier voice. "We have but practiced this apparent harshness to be sure of thy identity. No imposter could have braved death as thou hast done. Thou hast saved, at peril of thy life, the well-beloved sister and nephews of the Emperor Charles V. Charles is no ingrate,—rise Finn! Fortune and honors attend thee!"

"Sire," replied the fisherman, "I am old; I have only need of a cabin by the shore. What I have heard from your majesty is a sufficient and glorious recompense."

"For thee it may be, not for us. We name thee Warden of our fisheries at Ostend, and enoble thee. Rise, Chevalier Finn!"

The Emperor took from his own neck an order suspended with a gold cord, and Isabella clasped the chain over the rude vestment of Finn the fisherman.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century there still lived at Ostend the descendants of Finn. Their arms consist of an imperial eagle and two barques proper, on a field gules.

#### Vanessa.

IT was a small country town. Country towns are usually small, but this one was particularly so, not only as to extent and population, but the moral atmosphere seemed to hedge and bind one in as completely as if actual bars intervened. Revanho was literary,—the seat of a college, which, if not famous, yet had sent out sons into the world who had reflected a glorious light upon the pages of its history, which its worshipers loved to linger over and talk about. Everything radiated from the college; church, state, and fashion were bound up within her folds. Outside, all was heretical, and the blackness of darkness. Those intimately connected with the institution, and their families, formed the inner set, and around them, in gradually widening circles, came the lawyer, doctor, and gentleman of leisure; then the larger shop-keepers, smaller traders, and so on to the day-laborer. Everything was conducted in a sort of "Village of Cramford" way, which savored of an age apart from the busy world, that turned so quickly on its axis in the great beyond; which lay before each Revanhoite as wicked and forbidding as Dahomey, and almost as unknown. Once a month the heathen were discussed, and that rich pamphlet of thought, the *Missionary Herald*, ransacked for news from Micronesia to Trebizonde. The districts under cultivation were divided among the professors, and each one was supposed to take charge of his field, and to represent its condition at each monthly concert.

Small literary entertainments revolved around the grim old building of learning, and once in awhile a state supper, conducted with Chesterfieldian politeness, created a stir. Love's affairs *did* occur, but generally were nipped in the bud, being looked upon as a sort of legalized immorality. Among the dwellers of this

quiet neighborhood there had drifted, many years before the commencement of this history, a lady of uncertain years, who, after figuring in the outside world as a beauty, had fled as soon as she saw her charms disappearing, one after another, to the quiet of Revanho. There, upon a small annuity, she lived in genteel poverty, and endeavored to make up, by the sprightliness of her manner, for the loss that the heavy hand of Time had inflicted on her person. Her form was slight and girlish, and the vivacity of her manner would lead one to imagine that the years had passed her over after reaching sixteen, were it not for the wrinkled lineaments that spoke of baffled art, care, trial, and vexation of spirit. A wig of yellow hair, with cork-screw curls that nodded and bobbed about on each side of her face, adorned her head, and seemed a sort of accompaniment to her voice. Her naturally artistic mind had educated eye and hand, and both had been brought to bear in the matter of dress. The arrangement of each particular ribbon was a study; every fold a thought; and the *tout ensemble* the subject of long contemplation. But when once achieved, there was no further need for thought; it was complete in every line and detail, from throat to hem,—all, except the rippling laughter of girlhood and the short blonde curls.

Miss Van Ecbur was very proud of the distinctive van that set her so completely apart from the clay of common mould, and was forever talking of the old Patroon families, with long, unpronounceable names, who from time immemorial had lived at their ease, and watched the spinning and delving of the lower stratum. History does not speak of any conspicuous ancestral mental attainments, but leaves one to infer that they were broad-shouldered, short-figured, abdominally prominent, lethargic individuals, who probably had a purpose to serve in coming into the world, but the interpretation of which rested only with the Giver of all things.

How it came to pass that the lithe form and effervescing brain of Miss Van E. could ever



have evolved from such proportions and stolidity as had constituted her forebears, was a continual enigma to the ethnologists of Revanho. However, there she was, a constant burr in the side of the inner-circle, which she was continually trying to not only penetrate, but lead, in spite of the information vouchsafed on a rather trying occasion, when she was using her van as a kind of spear and war-horse, that if she insisted on this talisman as a sesame, a suffix would be added, and she would be promptly sent to the rear. Miss Van Ecbur, although given to assuming the rôle coy maidenhood, had imbibed the deeply rooted opinions of the village as to the limits of the strictly proper, and living so long "in maiden meditation, fancy free," had accumulated a feeling of delicious wickedness as to the propriety of even naming, above a whisper, the two-legged creature, man. Occasionally she was brought to bay before one of these animals, but generally contented herself with listening to a recital of their habits and customs, making an occasional remark when the subject seemed about to be dropped.

At this time there appeared on the scene a gentleman who had been invited by the students to deliver a lecture. He was a man of fine presence, and withal a person who would impress one as a more than ordinary character. His lecture was a decided success, and he was invited to repeat it. The professors, desiring to pay him some attention, gave a state supper in his honor, to which all the invitable were invited. Miss Van E. was among the number. In due course of time she was presented, and in some way attracted the doctor's curiosity; for he exerted himself to please, and so effectually that the mighty barrier of partition between the two sexes was so far broken down as to admit of their sitting on the same sofa, it is true, far apart, but still on the same seat,—a thing not heard of before in the annals of the town. Gossip was open-mouthed. The ice thus broken, the doctor and Miss Van E. met each other in society, and once she was so bold as to receive him in the general parlor of her

boarding-house. On one never-to-be-forgotten afternoon a rap summoned her to the door of her sitting-room, before which stood Dr. G., very red of countenance, and very smiling, who, with extended hand, welcomed her appearance.

"What could I do?" she said, in recounting the story, "so completely was I taken back, that I found myself shaking his outstretched hand, and before I knew it, saw him seated on my sofa; a live man in my room—a thing that had never happened before during my occupancy!" But here let her tell her own story.

"The day was rather warm, but not sufficiently so for me to account for the extreme redness of his countenance, which seemed to be fairly reeking with moisture, requiring the continual application of his handkerchief. I ventured some few remarks, quite stiffly, as I desired that he should see that I considered his presence an intrusion, to which he only answered by smiling, and waving his hand in the air. I was about to ask him to excuse me, as I was engaged, when, to my horror, he arose and began to disrobe. Yes; actually disrobe before me! He first took off his coat and laid it on a chair, then his collar and tie,—the brute! I mustered all the blood of the Van Ecburs that flowed in my veins, and said with dignity, 'Doctor Girand, you pollute my room!' There he stood in his shirt sleeves, grinning like a baboon, and still waving his hand. I went toward the chair to hand him his coat, when he sat down and took off his boots; after which he reclined at full length on my sofa. My dear, if I had not thought of the Van Ecburs, from whom I am descended, I should have died. I now perceived that he was intoxicated, his breath having filled my apartment with the odor of whiskey. Throwing open the door to its full extent, I said, 'Man, leave my habitation! I command you!'

"He opened his arms, and still smiling, said, 'Come to my arms, Vanessa!' I was dazed—thunderstruck! I! Vanessa! that swift creature! Could it be that I had heard aright? Yes, for he repeated it; and actually, in his stocking-feet, arose, and began to approach, as

if to enfold me, still saying, 'Vanessa! Vanessa! come to my arms, Vanessa!' I fled to my landlady's room, and throwing myself on a chair, after locking the door, said, 'There is a man in my apartment!' The landlady called her husband, who found the doctor seated on the floor, very drunk, and laughing to himself, and repeating, 'Van-Van-essa; I say, Vanessa!'"

This twice-told tale of the beau and his inamorata spread abroad throughout the length and breadth of the village, and Vanessa, outside of her own domain, was never recognized by any other title.

#### Noticeable Articles.

THE *Academy* for November 5th has a very favorable notice of a book which will be very interesting to all students of modern European history—Mr. C. E. Maurice's "Revolutionary Movement of 1848-9." "One of the most interesting and striking episodes," it says, "in the history of the present century is the reaction against the European settlement effected in 1814-15 (at the Congress of Vienna after the downfall of the first Napoleon), which culminated in the Revolutions of 1848-9, and which, though sustained by mighty forces, was suddenly checked, and even stopped, until, under more happy auspices, it became in one day a successful movement after a terrible ordeal of war and bloodshed." The article itself is a clear outline of the leading events; and they are events which every well-educated man should be familiar with. It is to be hoped that Mr. Maurice's book will be reprinted.

The *Edinburgh Review* for October has a good notice of one of the most delightful books of travel that have recently been published. One can say as much without pretending to have read the whole of the two stout and handsomely printed octavos. It is "The Cruise of the Marchesa to Kamskatka and New Guinea, with notices of Formosa, Lui Kiu, and various islands of the Malay Archipelago, by F. H. Guillemard, M.A., M.D.," who, notwithstanding his name, appears to be an Englishman, and a graduate of Cambridge. The Marchesa is a steam yacht of 420 tons, owned and sailed by a wealthy English gentleman, Mr. C. T. Kittlewill, who, like the late Lady Brassey, whose sad death

at sea on board her yacht has just been announced, amuses himself in exploring out-of-the-way parts of the world as an amateur sailor; and he was very fortunate in securing as his companion such an admirable describer as Dr. Guillemard. It is unlucky that great travelers are not always, or very often, good writers. Their books may be studied for new information, but can hardly be read for pleasure. It is not very often that one lights upon such fascinating books as, for instance, Bates' *Naturalist on the Amazon*, or Wallace's *Malay Archipelago*, or Palyzadi's *Central Arabia*, or a great traveler with such power of description as the famous Captain Burton. Dr. Guillemard's book belongs with these.

The same number contains an article on a new work on English history, "England under the Burgeoise Kings," by a young lady, Miss Kate Norgate, of which the critic says, "Every chapter throughout the work is full of valuable results obtained from an exact and conscientious examination of original materials, and rich in lessons enforced with the soundest sobriety of judgment." Elderly gentlemen historians must look to their laurels when such praise can be given to the work of the other sex; but when we consider the matter, it is difficult to give any reason why a woman should not be as good an investigator of the past as a man. One of the most accomplished of English historical students is Mrs. Marianne Everett Green, the learned editor of so many volumes of that gigantic series the "Calendar of State Papers," published by the British Government, which forms such a treasure-house of raw material for students of English history.

The same number contains a long article on the fifth and sixth volumes of the extremely interesting "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," by that brilliant Irishman, Mr. Lecky. Students of the Irish Question, which keeps England in such a political turmoil, will do well to read carefully the chapters on Ireland in Mr. Lecky's work.

The *Century* for November contains a beautifully illustrated paper on the Home and Haunts of Washington; another on that remarkable New York sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens, also finely illustrated, and a series of composite photographs of large numbers of college students from Williams, from Bowdoin, from Cornell and Harvard, as well as another series of young lady students from the

Harvard Annex, from Mt. Holyoke, from Smith, from Wellesley, and from Vassar. To the present writer's uninstructed eye the young gentlemen all look a good deal alike, and so do the young ladies; and, making due allowance, the young gentlemen look a good deal like the young ladies and the young ladies like the young gentlemen. Would a "composite" of Technology students exhibit traces of profound scientific thought and mathematical investigation, we wonder?

W. P. A.

### Stevens vs. Technology.

THE Tech. team played its last game in Hoboken, November 19th, with Stevens Institute. After Dartmouth's experience there the Tech. men were rather afraid that the referee would prove an unsatisfactory one, and the result justified their expectations. It is no longer a wonder to us that Dartmouth did not win from Stevens. The game was scheduled to begin at 10 A. M., but it was not until after 10.30 that the whole Stevens team showed up on the grounds, as several of the players thought there would be no game, on account of the threatening appearance of the weather. Time was called a little after half past ten, and the rain began to fall heavily just at this time. It was decided to play only half-hours. The teams lined up as follows,—Technology: rushers, Vorce, Tracy, Roberts, Mitchell, Ladd, Hamilton, Willard; quarter-back, Herrick; half-backs, Duane and Germer; full-back, Garrison. Stevens: rushers, Sevenoak, Torrance, Hart, Hall, Field, Winchet, Phelps; quarter-back, DeHart (capt.); half-backs, Magee and McLean; full-back, Campbell. Tech. had the kick-off, and began to rush the ball rapidly toward Stevens' goal. It had not gone far, however, before the referee interfered, and imposed two penalties for one offense, by giving Stevens the ball and five yards for interference by Tech. On being shown the rules, he was forced to remit the fine of five yards. Stevens soon lost the ball, however, and Mitchell made the first touch-down, from which no goal was kicked. This was in less than five minutes from beginning of play. After this Stevens braced up, and, assisted by

the referee, kept Tech. from scoring for twenty minutes. During this time Mitchell made three touch-downs that were not allowed by the referee. Finally, Ladd got the ball, and made the second touch-down. The punt-out was missed, and the ball lost to Stevens, which was soon regained; and the third touch-down was made by Garrison, just before time was called.

In the second half Stevens started with a short rush, but gained no ground, and was gradually forced backward. Tech. saw but little of the ball in this half, the referee usually managing to make out that Stevens had either gained five yards or lost twenty. A touch-down rapidly followed Tech.'s getting possession of the ball, but it was but rarely granted by the referee. Duane made two touch-downs in this half, from which no goals were kicked; and likewise two others which the referee refused to allow. One was made in the following manner: the ball being down within two feet of Stevens line, Ladd broke through the Stevens rush-line just as their quarter-back had received the ball, and picking up the quarter-back, ball, and all, deposited them not very gently on the other side of the Stevens goal-line, making a safety, as the Stevens captain did not call down before he was over the line. The Stevens captain arose, full of wrath, and threw the ball at Ladd's head, from which it bounded into Duane's hands, who ran in and made a touch-down. The referee would not allow either the safety or the touch-down. The last touch-down for Tech. was made by Tracy, who caught the ball behind the Stevens line, on a poor kick from their half-back. This ended the scoring, although Duane narrowly missed kicking a goal from the field just as time was called. For Stevens, the best playing by far was done by DeHart, their captain, who played a very strong game. Magee made some good rushes, and McLean kicked well. For Tech. the whole team did well, Ladd and Mitchell excelling in the rush-line. Duane's work was up to his usual standard, whilst Germer made some very pretty runs. Germer, likewise, dropped on the ball well. Garrison did fairly well, but was apt to fumble. The referee

was Mr. Sheldon, of Cornell. It is safe to say that Tech. lost fifty points by his work. It was a pity that no attempt was made to kick goals. These were not attempted, the desire being to run up the score with touch-downs, which was impossible with such a referee. The final score was,—Tech., 6 touch-downs; Stevens, nothing,—24-0.

For the sake of future reference, we give a few points in regard to individual members of Tech.'s champion foot-ball team, that has done so nobly this year.

1. E. W. Herrick, '88 (capt.); age, 22 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 152 lbs.; position, quarter-back.

2. F. M. Ladd, '88 (sub. capt.); age, 22 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 205 lbs.; position, guard.

3. C. B. Vorce, '88; age, 21 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 168 lbs.; position, end.

4. R. Devens, '88; age, 21 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 150 lbs.; position, full-back.

5. O. B. Roberts, '88; age, 21 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 160 lbs.; position, guard.

6. F. E. Ellis, '88; age, 20 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 125 lbs.; position, quarter-back.

7. W. M. Duane, '89; age, 20 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 10½ in.; weight, 165 lbs.; position, half-back.

8. F. L. Dame, '89; age, 20 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 153 lbs.; position, tackle.

9. P. H. Tracy, '90; age, 22 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 145 lbs.; position, tackle.

10. E. L. Hamilton, '90; age, 20 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 11½ in.; weight, 150 lbs.; position, tackle.

11. F. Goodhue, Jr., '91; age, 19 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 142 lbs.; position, end.

12. Mitchell, '91; age, 19 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 155 lbs.; position, centre.

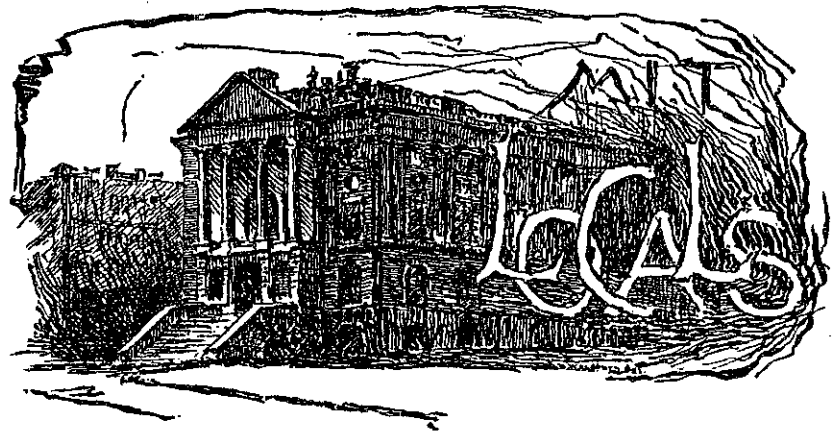
13. O. Germer, '91; age, 17 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 125 lbs.; position, half-back.

14. C. Garrison, '91; age, 19 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 145 lbs.; position, full-back.

15. B. Willard, '91; age, 18 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 150 lbs.; position, end.

16. Chas. Cromwell, '88; age, 21 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 220 lbs.; position, guard.

The rush-line that played in championship games averaged over 160 lbs., and the whole eleven about 155 lbs.



Me and Camp!

Tech. wins the championship.

The catalogue is out, at last.

The torchlight was a great success.

The battalion ought to be a fine one this year.

A meeting of the 2 G was held November 29th.

Bryant Willard, '91, has become a member of Sigma Chi.

No one can complain of a lack of class spirit at the Institute now.

The '88 Miners have been given a list of thesis subjects, from which to make their choice for their final thesis.

The Athletic Club should have held an outdoor meeting this fall.

In a short time the whole Senior Class will be at their thesis work.

E. G. Thomas, '87, visited Boston and the Institute last week.

The scheme for lengthening the Christmas vacation has fallen through.

Several Tech. men will play in the next concert of the Boston Ideal Banjo Club.

There are twelve Harvard men taking assaying in the Lowell Institute course.

W. R. Ingalls, '86, is at present acting as mining editor of the *Leadville Herald Democrat*.

The next meeting of the Intercollegiate Press Association will be held at Young's, December 9th.

The Orchestra is reported to be getting along swimmingly. It contains at present about twenty pieces.

A Gates Crusher has been added to the apparatus in the milling-room of the Mining Laboratory.

Of the regular eleven, five men leave the Institute this year. Next year's team bids fair to be an exceptionally light one.

The *Dartmouth* says of the Techs.: "Tech. played as a unit, and every play was made with plenty of force."

All the Tech. men who went to New York for the Stevens game, saw the Yale-Princeton game in the afternoon.

According to the *Herald*, the Freshmen carried 650 torches in the parade. They must have had at least four apiece, then.

During the foot-ball season Tech. has only had two men seriously injured; one of these in a practice game with the second eleven.

*Professor C. to free and easy Architect*: "Your marks for last month, Mr. P., were very high, as your deportment was not counted."

Amherst has had ten men of the regular team injured more or less this year. Such a proportion injured is unprecedented, and suggests imperfect training for the work.

A meeting of the Foot-ball Association was held on November 23d. The treasurer's report of expenses and receipts was presented, and delegates were elected to the League Convention.

One of the Harvard "Varsity" half-backs is reported to have said that the Harvard eleven had to work harder against the Tech. team than it did against either Wesleyan or University of Pennsylvania.

A Sophomore was recently asked if he objected to receiving Canadian quarters as change. His reply was, "No, not at all. I just put them in an envelope and shove them in to Luquiens for new French books."

Over twenty Tech. men witnessed the game with Stevens, at Hoboken, and cheered the team to victory. But little enthusiasm was shown by Stevens, only about sixty men turning out, who were remarkably quiet.

Work in the Applied Mechanics Laboratory may be very interesting from a scientific point of view, but it's no fun for the man who turns the crank of the machine when the breaking load of a piece of steel is to be determined.

The foot-ball team will be about a hundred dollars in debt. Now, boys, that's a small sum for eight hundred men to make up, so step forward, and don't let it be paid up by the gentleman who was so public spirited as to offer to do so.

It is to be hoped that each Class will enter a team for the inter-class contests of the tug-of-war, and not let the matter pass by, as the Junior and Senior Classes did last year. The Institute championship is at present held by the Class of '89.

"Kelley, of the Harvard Medical College, was referee," says a despatch about the Dartmouth-Trinity foot-ball game. This happy idea of uniting the study of medicine with the refereeing of foot-ball deserves more than a passing thought.—*New Haven News*.

The Biologicals have been assigned thesis subjects as follows: W. L. Harris, Bacteriological Examination of the Water Basins of the Charles River; E. O. Jordan and A. L. Kean, Reflex Action in Frogs; H. G. Gross, probably the Pigment Epithelium of the Retina.

A rather peculiar effect is produced by the new Harvard cheer of three Harvards. A Tech. man who was sitting with the Harvard men, said that when the leader of the cheering arose and called for "three long Harvards, boys," that it reminded him of a man at the Old Elm calling for "drei lager."

The Tech. eleven has played eleven games this fall, and has scored 304 points to 113 made by its opponents. In championship games it has scored 172 points to 15. Harvard, Exeter, and Dartmouth are the only teams which have scored against Tech this year, and Harvard and Exeter are the only ones which beat us.

There is one more regular student in the Senior Class than in the Junior Class this year. This is the first time in the history of the Insti-

tute that a Senior Class has been larger than a Junior Class. The Junior Class is of average size too.

The other day at the shops a funny man tied somebody else's overalls to the main shafting. When their owner discovered them they were making  $\frac{7}{8} \pi N R X$  time or thereabouts, and threatening to tear apart a gas-jet near by. The engine had to be stopped while the janitor got them off. The janitor is now laying for that funny man.

We clip the following from the *Dartmouth*:—"Among the most interested spectators of the game with Tech., was a young lady dressed in brown, wearing Dartmouth colors. Many of the Dartmouth men present were in doubt as to which they regretted more,—the result of the game, or her evident sorrow for the defeat of her favorite team."

On November 19th a meeting of the old members of the Glee Club was held. The following officers were elected: President, E. P. Marsh, '89; Vice-President, E. M. A. Machado, '90; Secretary, A. W. La Rose, '89; Treasurer and Manager, J. E. Fuller, '88; Member at large, W. W. Underhill, '89. As soon as possible new members will be selected from those men who have signified their desire to belong, and rehearsals will be held regularly.

The following is the classification of the Institute students at the present time as compared with that of 1886-87 in November, 1886:—

#### SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE.

	Regulars.		Specials.		Total.	
	1887-88	1886-87	1887-88	1886-87	1887-88	1886-87
Seniors . . .	79	57	30	23	109	80
Juniors . . .	78	87	53	48	131	135
Sophomores, 124	98	69	69		193	161
Freshmen . .	237	198	48	54	285	252
Total,	518	440	200	194	718	634

#### SCHOOL OF MECHANIC ARTS.

1887-88	1886-87
37	38

#### LOWELL SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

1887-88	1886-87
62	63

The total number of the students at the M. I.

T. is 818 as against 735 last year. This gain is confined entirely to the School of Industrial Science. It is probable that there are more Freshmen Specials than this list shows and less in the other classes, as it is difficult to distinguish from the catalogue of Specials to which class a man belongs.

A grand torchlight parade was held November 21st, in honor of the winning of the championship by our team. Over three hundred men turned out in line, and more followed along the route of the procession. The boys presented a very grotesque appearance, wearing as uniforms *robes de nuit* and "plug hats," the Seniors and Freshmen wearing black "plugs," and the Juniors and Sophomores wearing white "plugs." All were profusely decorated with class colors and numbers. The procession started out from the "gym" about 8 o'clock, led by a drum corps under Drum Major W. H. Merrill, '89. Then came the Senior Class, about forty strong, its marshals being A. T. Bradlee, L. A. Ferguson, J. C. T. Baldwin, and E. S. Webster. A tally-ho followed, containing the team and a few others. The Junior Class, about sixty strong, came next. Its marshals were Hollis French and G. C. Wales. The Sophomore Class turned out about seventy-five men. Their marshals were H. W. Clement, H. M. Wait, R. G. Brown, and G. F. Weld.

One hundred and twenty-five Freshmen followed under E. McVickar and P. W. Stanford. The Sophs had picked up a German band and marched to "martial music" (?). The route of the procession was along Exeter Street to Beacon, along Beacon to Tremont, the President's house being serenaded on the way, along Tremont to Boylston, up Boylston to the Institute, around the Institute buildings to Berkeley, through Berkeley to Columbus Avenue, up Columbus Avenue to West Canton Street, through West Canton, to Huntington Avenue. The procession halted in front of the Mechanics' Fair Building, and cheered. Thence the boys marched to the Union Grounds, where a large ring was formed. A huge bonfire was soon burning merrily, and boxes and barrels began to come in from



everywhere. After dancing around the fire and cheering each individual member of the team, and everything else that could be thought of, an impromptu grand stand was formed, and Captain Herrick was prevailed upon to address the crowd. He acquitted himself in a very creditable manner, and was frequently interrupted by cheers. After this the boys dispersed in small squads, a large number of which brought up at the "students' rendezvous," where the rejoicings were continued. Each class in the parade carried a transparency, bearing "Eastern Intercollegiate Foot-ball Championship" on one side, and the score of one of the championship games on the other, M. I. T. being on each end. A liberal amount of fireworks were ignited along the route and a cannon contributed to the noise on the Union Grounds.

#### College Notes.

The system of giving honors has been abolished at Cornell.

Five foot-ball teams from Princeton played games Saturday, November 12th.

It is reported that the Yale Faculty has decided to prohibit any sparring in the winter games.

Cornell, being established under the Land Grant Act, receives \$15,000 from the Government.

The United States has 364 colleges and universities, with 4,160 instructors, and 59,594 students.—*Ex.*

About thirty of Yale's graduates hold important Government positions in the Sandwich Islands.—*Ex.*

Out of every one hundred Freshmen who enter Yale, seventy-five graduate; at Harvard, seventy-four.—*Ex.*

Professor of Edinburgh receives a salary of \$20,000, which is the largest remuneration received by any college professor in the world.

It is reported that there was a tally-ho at the Harvard-Yale game, with Tech. colors, and an

M. I. T. flag. Do any of our boys know anything about it?

On the Mott Haven grounds, Saturday afternoon, Geo. M. Gray, of the New York Athletic Club, put the shot 43 feet 11 inches, beating all previous records.

The University foot-ball team, which was picked on Saturday last, played its first practice game yesterday with a scrub team, and was beaten 6 to 2.—*Cornell Sun.*

There has been considerable trouble at Yale, lately, in regard to the stealing of signs by the students. Last Saturday night, because of a contemplated raid by the police, 279 stolen signs were turned over to the authorities.—*Ex.*

Harmar, Yale, '90, the runner, gave a good exhibition of his powers in that direction Tuesday afternoon, when he chased a man who had stolen a foot-ball from the field. When the thief was overtaken, there were found in his possession a lady's hand-bag, containing \$10, and a revolver, in addition to the foot-ball.—*Ex.*

The Faculty of the School of Arts of Columbia is contemplating the abolition of the marking system. A substitute is under consideration by which the instructors at the end of the term will divide each class into three grades. The first grade will consist of those who are of sufficient proficiency to excuse them from examination; the second to consist of those who will be compelled to pass an examination with a mark of from 50 to 80 per cent; and the third grade to consist of "debarred" students. All will be allowed to enter voluntary special examinations for honors. All men who take over the allowed "cuts" must pass examination, even though they are members of the first grade. The Faculty think that this scheme will assure better daily recitations. The plan is favored by all the students, the high stand men who think they ought to be allowed the honor to graduate with a high rank. The number of allowed cuts will be reduced from one fourth to one fifth of the total number of required attendances. The scheme will go into effect next term if adopted.—*Yale News.*



A youthful and chipper member of the Freshman Class was detected reading from a translation in the recitation-room the other day. After being called up and roundly censured he was finally asked why he used a trot, and forthwith floored his astonished inquisitor by ejaculating, "O, it's English, you know!" — *Courant*.

"Now, John," she murmurs in friendliest way,  
 "For my sake work hard all the livelong day,  
 But don't work too much, and don't toil so hard;  
 Really your face by your struggle is marred."

"Now, darling," he answers, in humblest tone,  
 "'Tis only by work that you'll be my own.  
 But at night, I rest and visit my friends,  
 And this for my daily work fresh strength lends."

"I know all you'd say, but it's not quite right,  
 For I've known you often to work at night:  
 Why, Pa said, one evening out on the road,  
 He saw you carrying an awful load." — *Courant*.

*Miss Hood*: "Three in the bull's-eye, captain! I've outshot you this time."

*Captain Angus*: "Yes; but what's become of my other arrow? I shot three."

*Voice of tramp in bushes*: "When you folks get through countin' up, I wish you'd jest come in an' unpin my ear from this hickory-tree; 'taint the bull's-eye, but it's got feelin' in it." — *Beacon*.

#### UNDERSTOOD.

[A companion to "Misunderstood," in the Century.]

He was surprised at my nay, but I'm sure I looked yea:  
 How provoking men are when they're going away.  
 I know I was pretty — why did he delay?  
 He was surprised at my nay, but I'm sure I looked yea.

Some men are so dense — but 'twas different next day,  
 When I shyly said yes as he was going away.  
 The horrid wretch! What did he say?

"Last night you declined; now it's my turn for nay."

— *Lampoon*.

"How do you like your new type-writer?" inquired the agent.

"It's immense!" was the enthusiastic response. "I wonder how I ever got along without it."

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not; do it gladly."

So he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly short space of time pounded out this:—

"afted Using thee automatig Back-actionn atype writer for thre emonth\$ an d Over; i udhesitattinggly pronounce it prono nce it to be al ad even more than the Manufacturs claim? for it. During the time been in our posessio n e. i, th ree monthz! id has nore th an than paid paid for it\$elf in the Saveing oF time an d labrr"?

John T Snith

"There you are, sir."

"Thanks," said the agent, dubiously.—*New York Sun*.

Some people say that hanging is too good for the former editors of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. In that case why not send them to Yale?—*Lampoon*.

#### A POSSIBILITY.

We were standing in grandma's old kitchen,  
 I was seeking for something to say;  
 For grandma, who'd just introduced us,  
 Had left us, and hurried away.

"That's an old-fashioned chair there! I wonder  
 What they made it so big for, don't you?"

"Perhaps"—and she blushed just a little—

"Perhaps it was meant to hold two."

—*Yale Record*.

#### THE SOPHOMORE.

When Phœnix sprang from funeral pyre,  
 His pinions bore  
 A Sophomore,  
 A wild, red creature of the fire—  
 A bird of night, of aspect dire.  
 Fair Truth in shame  
 Concealed her name,  
 And wisdom, with confusion sore,  
 Saw Folly don a false attire;  
 But Bacchus loved the Sophomore.

—*Brunonian*.

The anarchists complain that there is no bomb in Gilead.—*Yale Record*.